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THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CXXII.

WINNING A HUSBAND;

OR,

'SEVEN'S THE MAIN.

A BURLETTA, IN ONE ACT.

BY MACFARREN.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 Nassau Street, (Up Stairs.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[Winning a Husband.]

	Park, 1830.	*Louisville, Ky.*, 1838.	*National, Boston*, 1839.	*Bowery*, 1858.
Sir Roderick Strangeway, -	Mr. Woodhull.	Mr. Stanley.	Mr. Leman.	Mr. Fitzgerald.
Davy, (his servant,) - -	Mr. T. Placide.	Mr. Lake.	Mr. Hunt.	Mr. J. O. Sefton.
Lucinda, - - - - - -	Mrs. Wallack.	Miss Clarke.	Miss Cathcart.	Miss Keough.
Miss Jenny Transit,				
Margeret Macmucklecanny,				
Miss Cornelia,				
Lady Dorethea,	Mrs. Barrymore	Miss Randolph.	Miss Randolph.	Miss S. St. Clair.
Mrs. Deborah,				
Madame Antoinette,				
Bridget Buckthorne,				
Ensign Thaddeus,				

COSTUME

SIR RODERICK.—A sporting coat—white pants, &c. DAVY.—Livery.
LUCINDA.—Neat pink skirt—black bodice—apron, &c. JENNY.—A handsome morning dress.
The various changes according to character.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SANTA BARBARA

PR
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WINNING A HUSBAND;

OR, SEVEN'S THE MAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a Hotel, in London—on each side are three Doors, leading to separate apartments, and one in the centre, leading to Lucinda's chamber—they are numbered from one to seven, Lucinda's,* C. D. F., *being the seventh—a harp, music-book, &c.*

LUCINDA *discovered seated at a work-table,* R., DAVY *waiting,* L.

Luc. Well, David, have you procured the articles I sent you for?

Davy. E'es, Madame Lucinda.

Luc. Don't Lucinda me! You know, David, your old master, my uncle, always called me Lucy.

Davy. E'es, madam: but my new master, your brother, says I mun make you a cinder, or he'll beat me as black as a coal.

Luc. Ah, bless the man! nothing will go down with him, unless it has a romantic name.

Davy. Noa, madam; one would think he were a clergyman instead of a knight-baronite, he be so nation fond of christening folks,—ay, and things, too, madam. Do you know, he calls his boots, buskins; his single-breasted coat, a doublet; and his cossack trowsers, trunk-hose. [*Laughing.*] He, he, he!

Luc. In short, David, no matter to him whether it be antique or modern, so it's high-sounding it's enough for him.

Davy. E'es, ma'am, that's the reason he calls the top rooms in the old mansion-house, the supereminences;

the chambers, the dormousitories; the dining-parlour, the refractory; and the little green-house at the back, the conserve of rository.

Luc. Well, David, you remember my old school-fellow, Miss Jenny Transit, whom I expect from the country immediately?

Davy. E'es, ma'am, I remember her: she left me a keepsake last time she were at the mansion-house; and, saving your presence, I think it's very likely, I owe you ——

Luc. Oh, dear, not in the least, David.

Davy. I axes pardon, ma'am, but really I think you helped her to soap the edge of the stairs, by which means I got a cut of the shin, and set your uncle's punch a wimming in the wrong place: however, I bearcs no malice; you were both very kind to me, and, I think, sorry for your cruelty ation. I shall never forget how you applied the paper and brandy. [*Aside.*] The former of which went into my pocket, and the latter down my throat.

Luc. Well, David, we intend to play my brother a sort of a hoax to-day, and endeavour, if possible, to cure his romantic propensities. Now, we may want a little of your assistance, David; can we trust you?

Davy. Certainly, ma'am. Mrs. Doublechalk does not mind trusting me a pint or two, so I think you mun take my word on this pint; and, by the honour of a caviller, as master says—[*Double knock,* L. D., *Davy opens it.*] Odds bobs! ma'am, somebody's coming up-stairs. As I do live, it be Miss Jenny; her cheeks are as rosy as the cheeks of a roarer, and her eyes sparkle like bright fibbers, as my master would say.

Enter JENNY TRANSIT, *in a travelling-dress,* L. D.

Jen. [*Crossing to* C.] Ah, my dearest Lucy!

Luc. Jenny, my dear, welcome to London.

Jen. Lucy, my love, welcome to a far more friendly place—my bosom! [*They embrace.*

Davy. [*Aside.*] I supposes he'll be taking me next to her place. Miss Jenny—Miss——

Jen. What, my old friend, David! How d'ye do, David?—Very well, are you? How's your shin, David? —Quite well?—That's right. You see, David, I have not forgotten my old tricks.

Davy. Noa, Miss Jenny, nor I neither.

Luc. How did you travel?

Jen. Oh, in very excellent company. A fat dowager, a country bride, a spruce old maid, a half pay officer, and a carcass-butcher, of Leadenhall Market.

Luc. Did you bring no luggage?

Jen. Oh, yes; I put up a few things according to your command. I left them below with the hostess.

Luc. David, be so good as to place Miss Transit's trunk in my room, and be ready when I ring.

[*Lucinda and Jenny go up*, R.

Davy. E'es, ma'am, I'ze take care. There's a couple of odd ones that make as pretty a pair as ever were seen. Lots of mischief, I dare say. Oh, bless 'em! they're two merry souls; though, if master were here, I dare say he'll call 'em heavenly bodies. [*Exit Davy*, L. D.

Jen. Well, my dear Lucy, how's this quizzical knight-errant of ours,—as moody and perverse as ever?

Luc. A large estate, plenty of money, and the title of Sir, has turned his head a little; but then, my dear Jenny, his heart is still in the right place. He has been now these two years on the continent; has seen much that he never suspected, and heard a great deal he did not understand; he therefore thinks all his old fashions, habits, and connexions, because they are unlike what he has recently mixed with, utterly unbearable, improper, and disagreeable.

Jen. And so, having forgotten the vows and promises made to your humble servant, he claps an advertisement into the papers, in hopes of forming a more amiable connexion.

Luc. [*Taking the newspaper from the table.*] Yes, here it is; have you read it?

Jen. No: let me see. [*Reads.*] "*To the Female Sex. A lady of good family, unexceptionable morals, respectable connexions, and amiable temper, whose education and accomplishments are of a liberal description, and qualify her to adorn a superior situation in society, may hear of an engagement for life, with a young man of character and title, by application (post paid) to Q. X., Clarendon Hotel. The Advertiser's motive for the present address is, to form a matrimonial alliance with a lady superior to the ordinary run of her sex. No property is, therefore, expected or desired; and the greatest secresy and delicacy may be relied on.*" [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! Upon my word, he is far from being scrupulous. If he can meet with good family, good morals, amiable temper, genteel

connexions, superior understanding, and refined accomplishments, it is all he requires; very moderate, indeed.

Luc. Well, my dear Jenny, I have answered the advertisement in various hands, and have received his replies to them; and the object of your visit to London is to pay your respects to him in the various characters in which I have addressed him. Here are his letters; to-day is appointed for him to see them all, and, if any strangers arrive, David will manage them to suit our purpose.

Jen. Then, my good Sir Roger, have at you.

Luc. Oh, for goodness sake, mind you don't accost him by that title; he is no longer Sir Roger, but has elegantized it into Sir Roderick; has re-christened me Lucinda; calls his horse Bucephalus; his greyhounds, Acteon and Diana; and, in short, has new-named the whole of his family, except our friend David, who, out of respect to science and philosophy, he still continues to call Davy.

Jen. Well, I will endeavour to recollect his new nomenclature, and attack him with all my forces.

Luc. Why, my dear girl, if there be a woman in the world equal to the task you have undertaken, Jenny Transit is she. The education you have received, in the idea of making you a governess, and the variety of scenes in which you have figured, will at least qualify you to——

Jen. To undertake the government of your simple—I beg pardon, your romantic brother. I'll at least not lose him for want of an effort; for 'tis far worse to lead apes below, than to manage a monkey here.

Sir R. [*Calling without*, R.] Davy!

Jen. Odso! I hear him coming.

Luc. Away to my room! Away! I'll follow you instantly.

Jen. Now then, Don Roderick, I've tried sincerity and constancy in vain. Let us see what changes and deception can effect. [*Exit into Lucinda's chamber, No.* 7, C. D. F.

Sir R. [*Without*, R.] Davy, I say, where, in the name of philosophy, are you loitering? Why, Davy, I say!

Enter SIR RODERICK STRANGEWAYS, *at the stage-door*, R.

Sir R. Curse the fellow, he's as difficult to find as the philosopher's stone or the perpetual motion, and one needs the forbearance of patience on a monument to endure his procrastination and disobedience. Lucinda,

my dear, have you sent him abroad on any embassy? I know he's your charge-d'affaires.

Luc. No, my dear brother, he was here this minute. I'll ring the bell. [*Rings*, L.

Sir R. Ay, do ring the alarm-bell, and bid the lazy vassal approach his liege lord.

Enter DAVY, *at the stage-door*, L., *eating bread and cheese.*

Sir B. So, sirrah, you are not to be found when wanted: in ambuscade, I suppose.

Davy. Noa, sir, I were in the pantry.

Sir R. The buttery, you varlet!

Davy. Noa, sir, it were the cheesery; I were taking a snack of bread and cheese; I did but stop to wet my whistle with a drop of——

Sir R. Rare Falernain.

Davy. Noa, sir, it were rare Barclay and Perkins.

Sir R. Well, sir, now that you have stocked that depôt of good things, your hungry stomach, have the goodness to relieve me of my beaver. [*Takes off his hat, and gives it to Davy.*] and my baton; [*Giving his walking-cane.*] deposit them in my robery, in your quality of page; then establish yourself at the outer portal, in your capacity of warder, and, when the fair damsels whom I expect arrive, in your office of marshal, usher them into the presence.

Davy. E'es, sir. [*Aside.*] And, I suppose, if I don't be graceful when I hand the pretty creatures up, he'll take good care to foot me down. [*Exit at the stage-door*, L.

Sir R. Well, my dear Lucinda, "this is the awful day, big with the fate of Cato and of Rome." Here I shall bivouac amongst a host of beauty—here I shall be encompassed in an arcana of loveliness—here I shall revel in a concatenation of intellectual energy and supereminent accomplishments. This will be my garden of Eden—my Mahomedan Paradise—my salon d'amour!

Luc. La, brother, I wish you'd leave off this unintelligible jargon, gathered from magazines, novels, old plays, and——

Sir R. Sister, forbear! Lovely Lucinda, be taciturn. It is the fashion, now-a-days, for us of the ton to use a language perfectly different from those of the canaille; and shall I be blamed for aspiring to a style of diction superior to the slang of fashionable life? shall I be rated for using the language of poetry and fable,—a language

rendered sacred and venerable by the dust of ages?—Forbid it, Chaucer, Cervantes, and Corneille!—Forbid it, Shakspeare, Dante, and Lope de Vega! And, oh, ye modern antiques,—ye patriarchs in childhood, forbid it, De Genlis, Horace Walpole, and Mrs. Radcliffe! "Forbid it, heaven, and forbid it, man!"

Luc. Well, really, brother, this travelling and leisure have quite spoiled you. When we were at the farm-house, in my poor father's life-time, you were something like a rational being; then we heard the old curate preach twice every Sunday; then a wake or a fair were the greatest adventures of our lives, and a game at blind-man's buff with Jenny Transit——

Sir R. Oh mention her not! If you love me, touch not that tender string!

Luc. Oh, then, you confess there is a little tenderness still lurking near your heart?

Sir R. Ah, oui, une petite tendresse. The fact is, the damsel is pretty and cheerful, and, I dare say, ere this, has become a fine buxom woman; but do you think a fine buxom woman will do for Sir Roderick? No, sister Lucinda, we must graft a more courtly scion on the family genealogy,—some sprig of nobility, some sentimental, all-accomplished Rosamond must allure me to her Woodstock bower. This advertisement has afforded me the clue, and I go to unravel it.

Luc. Take care that Queen Eleanor does not step in with the poisoned cup.

Sir R. Why, the very name is a sufficient bar to our union. Think of a Jenny—absolutely, a spinning-Jenny! Quite modern and vulgar! Not a single poet has used the name, except, indeed, the character of Jenny Diver, in the Beggars' Opera. Jenny, Jen—Pheugh! still, as I say, there is a little tendresse in my bosom, and therefore, my dear Lucinda, do not exercise the office of city remembrancer, but allow me to blot out the portrait, whose original I can never forget. Forget thee! Alas, poor ghost! while memory—— [*A double knock*, L. D.

Re-enter DAVY, *at the stage-door*, L.

Davy. X. Y. Z. is below, sir.

Sir R. Show her hither. [*Exit Davy.*] Now, my dear sister, get to your apartment, and, when I have collected as many as will fill the rooms—let me see,—seven—'tis a happy omen! There are seven colours,

seven notes, seven stars, and here I shall have seven damsels, I trust, as vivid, as harmonious, and as radiant as them all. Yes, seven's the main! Away, till I send for thee; then to thy discretion will I submit my amorous phalanx, and, placing thee on the judgment-seat, bow obedient to thy fiat.

Luc. Farewell! Success attend our enterprise!

[*Exit Lucinda, into No.* 7, C. D. F.

Re-enter DAVY, *at the stage-door*, L.

Davy. [*Looking back.*] Walk up, ma'am. [*To Sir Roderick.*] Allow me to interduce Signora X. Y. Z.

[*Exit Davy.*

Enter JENNY TRANSIT, *disguised as Margaret Macmuckleconny.*

Jen. (L. C.) I believe I hae the pleasure to address Q. X.

Sir R. (C.) Yes—why—no, madam, not exactly the advertiser, but a near relation and confidential friend. [*Aside.*] By heavens! a perfect beauty, of the mountain breed,—some Lady Morna—some descendant of Fingal —some Malvina, come in search of her Oscar.

Jen. Ye'll think me bold to risk this meeting, sir, but the secresy and delicacy promised in the newspaper have inspired me wi' confidence.

Sir R. [*Aside.*] What an interesting brogue she has! she has certainly sat for her portrait to the author of "Tales of my Landlord." [*Aloud.*] Well, my dear lady, allow me to make the inquiries which the duties of my agency impose. My friend is anxious to realize the pleasures which are only to be found in a married state, and his first and most earnest desire is for an accomplished partner.

Jen. He must ken, sir, that Scotland is the schule from whence he must select yon. "Scenis decora alta faturis," as Virgil says: everybody, the poor and the rich, little and muckle, receive the blessings o' a liberal education in that happy country. Learning is indigenous to the soil: like the national thistle, it flourishes on the bleak mountain-top as well as in the cultivated pleasure-ground.

Sir R. How poetical! How sentimental! You are a bright sample, madam, of the national produce. I suppose you understand the fashionable languages, French and Italian?

Jen. French and Italian!—Forbid it, Homer and Aris-

tutle: No, sir, the Greek and Roman languages are familiar to me, "sit mihi fas audita loqui."

Sir R. This will never do. Egad, she'll school me!

Jen. And the ancient Gaelic, sir—the language o' Ossian.

Sir R. Of Ossian?—Oh, delightful! I shall have a new version, with family annotations. Then, you dance?

Jen. Dance! Where is the country produces sic dancers as the land o' cakes,—[*Dances.*] the reel, the strathspey, and the Highland fling, sir?

Sir R. Delicious accomplishments! And then you have a taste for music?

Jen. Yes, sir; we have muckle taste for that delightful science. What can equal the delicious harmony o' the bagpipe—the melodious pibroch? Sir, I ha' spent considerable time in perfecting mysel' on that truly ancient and sonorous instrument; and, by your leave, will tak' an opportunity o' saluting you wi' a serenade.

Sir R. You are very kind; but really the instrument is rather too national for my ears.

Jen. Too national, sir? "Libertas, et natali solum, as the Roman poet has it, "Πατρωα γαια," as Demosthenes has written; nothing can be too national, sir; the love of country is the "primum mobile" of every honest heart; and the heart of Margaret Macmucklecanny beats as fervently for her country as it hopes to do for your friend, sir.

Sir R. [*Aside.*] Mackmucklecanny! Oh, zounds, this won't do! [*Aloud.*] Madam, I dare say my friend will duly appreciate your patriotism. Have the goodness to step into this room; I expect him immediately, and will state your pretensions.

Jen. Sir, I rely on your fidelity and his delicacy; for know, sir, the bluid that rins in these veins has descended through a line o' ancestors, equally honourable, learned, and patriotic; and, as the national motto rins, "nemo me impune lacessit." [*Exit into No.* 1, R. D. *first* E.

Sir R. Here's a strange admixture! Latin and love—sentiment and Aristotle—sympathy and a bagpipe—Demosthenes and a Scotch jig—Ossian and Margery Macmucklecanny. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! this never will do! To be sure, she is interesting; but then the Greek and Latin will totally upset me. Oh, that I had had a classic education; for, though exploded by the present fashionable system, I am convinced of the benefit

derived from college study,—from an abode in the "antique halls and silent groves, where erst the sons of genius trod;" but it's too late; and so, Miss Margery, yes, absolute Madge—Meg—Peggy—Peg! Oh, save me, save me from contamination! No, Miss Margery Macmucklecanny, although I acknowledge your talents, my own old-fashioned rustic, Jenny, will have the preference to you. [*A double knock.*

Re-enter DAVY, *at the stage-door*, L.

Davy. A lady below, who says she signed herself C. C. C. sends you this card. Ecod! they say C. stands for a hundred, and, by her appearance, it's very right. She'd make an excellent aunt to a large family, or mistress of a parish workhouse.

Sir R. Introduce her, Davy.

Dav. E'es, sir. Please to walk up, ma'am.

[*Exit Davy.*

Sir R. Miss Clementina Cornelia Clappergo! Here's softness and sentiment, youth and loveliness. To be sure, the surname is none of the prettiest; but then, we shall change that, so it matters but little. Cornelia! Clementina! 'tis the music of love,—'tis "the concord of sweet sounds:" and then the device, so elegant! I remember the letter signed C. C. C. was one of the most enchanting billets in the whole packet,—wove paper, gilt edges, glittering sand on the letters; seal, a Cupid, with his wings cut; motto, "Jamais fuir." Oh, this is the long-looked-for——

Davy. [*Without.*] Please to walk in.

Enter JENNY TRANSIT, *at the stage-door*, L., *disguised as Miss Clementina Cornelia Clappergo.*

*Jen.** Good morning, sir. Excuse the embarrassment which overwhelms me. The novelty of my situation, and the modesty of my tender sex, overpower me with sensations that call for your tenderest indulgence.

Sir R. [*Offering a chair.*] I beg, madam, you will be seated.

Jen. [*Sitting down with great formality.*] I trust the sincerity of your professions need not be doubted, and that you are imbued with an honourable sympathy towards me, which will excuse the frankness and candour of my demeanour, and exonerating me from censure, place these

* This character should be spoken with a lisp.

little aberrations from strict decorum to the account of my fidelity and devotedness to your service.

Sir R. Madam, I really——

Jen. Sir, I beg you will not trouble yourself to reiterate the professions so abundantly scattered over that part of our charming correspondence which has emanated from your elegant pen. I trust, sir, the reply which you have, by your soft and gentlemanly insinuations, drawn from me, has not been found unworthy of your attention. To write a good letter, is a desideratum seldom acquired in the present day; and, as the Monthly Review says of my last novel, "The Castle of St. Omer's, or the Mysteries of Faithlessness," the epistolatory style is carried to its acmê, in that production.

Sir R. Madam, I must beg leave——

Jen. Sir, you can take leave. I beg you'll be under no restraint. The connexion we are about to commence is of a nature to banish all ceremoniousness,—a delightful reciprocity of feeling and a liberality of conduct are the only guides to happiness in that blessed intercourse, as I say in my seventy-sixth sonnet:—

> "When two fond hearts are bound by love,
> Content should twist the packthread;
> Else, if in separate paths they rove,
> 'Tis ten to one they crack thread."

Sir R. My dear madam, excuse me a moment. [*They rise.—Aside.*] This is past endurance,—I must leave her.

Jen. Sir, you are at liberty to transact any business you please; I am but the creature of your clemency; at present I have no legal control, but, when the Gordian knot is tied, "when Hymen, with his sacred torch, lights up his lambient flame of connubial felicity," when, as my one hundred and eighteth Amatory Song says,—

> "When Cupid rivets his soft chain,
> 'Tis useless for us to complain."

Sir R. Pray, madam, excuse my leaving you. [*Crossing to* L., *and calling.*] Here, Davy? Davy, I say!

Re-enter DAVY, *at the stage-door*, L.

Sir R. [*Apart to Davy.*] Try to get rid of this Miss Clappergo,—what a suitable name!—or, if she will not go, deposit her in No. 2 and let me know when the coast is clear. [*Crosses to* R.

Jen. Surely, you will not slight me thus!

Sir R. Madam, I swear to you, by the silver moon of Diana——

Jen. The moon—I have an ode to her in my sixteenth volume of Fugitive Pieces, beginning thus :—

"See in the sky the crescent of the night
Solemnly shines in sad resplendency ;
Shedding its soothing sweet soft silver light
O'er the strait spreading surface of the silent smooth salt sea."

Sir R. Madam, I must away ; adieu, most adorable Miss Clappergo. [*Exit at the stage-door*, R.

Jen. Adieu, most irritable Sir Roger—[*Laughing.*] ha, ha, ha!

Davy. [*Laughing.*] He, he, he! ecod, Miss Jenny, that were a tickler.

Re-enter LUCINDA, *from No.* 7, C. D. F.

Luc. Bravo! bravo! my dear Jenny Transit—the work goes on bravely—he's almost sick.

Jen. 'Gad! he shall be sick and sorry, too, before I've done with him : but come, my dear, help me to effect the metamorphose of a fine lady of the last age, to one of the present.

Luc. Most willingly, my dear. I vow it's absolute scandal to the sex to disguise a young woman in this way ; but, however, the evil is all outside, and can easily be shifted. What would many a wrinkled spinster give, if she could resume her youth and beauty as speedily?

Sir R. [*Without*, R., *calling.*] Davy!

Jen. Hark! he's returning—which is my room, David?

Davy. Walk into No. 2, ma'am.

Jen. Away, my dear Lucy—there's no time to be lost: 'tis true, the enemy has been beaten from the field, but he may rally again, and you know there is as much praise due to the general who follows up his conquest, as to him who achieves the victory.

[*Exeunt Jenny into No.* 2, L. *first* E., *and Lucinda into No.* 7, C. D. F.

Davy. [*Laughing.*] He, he, he! ecod! she does just as she likes. Old or young, merry or sad—master may talk as he likes about accomplishments and stuff—but I fancy Miss Jenny will accomplish more than he gives her credit for.

Sir R. [*Without*, R., *calling.*] Davy! Davy!

Davy. [*Crossing to* R.] You may come out of your hiding-place, Sir Roderick—she's caged.

Re-enter SIR RODERICK STRANGEWAYS, *at the stage-door*, R.

Sir R. You have got rid of that terrible gabbler, Davy?—How did she go off?

Davy. Oh! just as she had gone on, sir, while you were here; gabble, gabble, just like ducks in a pond—lord, sir, she'd be a nation fine mistress for your old family mansion, and if your honour should marry her, you need not be at the expense of painting her picture; there be plenty such as she among your maiden aunts, and great grandmothers, in the long gallery, sir.

Sir R. Away, you impudent varlet! nor treat my female ancestry with such disrespect—away!

Davy. Oh, very well, sir: your good old uncle would have thanked me for an idea that would have saved him a penny—but this be a prodigal age. [*Exit Davy*, L. D.

Sir R. No muttering, sir! was ever such an eternal talker, and to so little purpose—one would think I dealt among the muses—my first application was a learned sprig, my second a full-blown literary bramble; but 'tis scandalizing the "tuneful nine," to carry the allusion any further. If these are the samples, I fear my time and my metal have been squandered in vain.

Re-enter DAVY, *at the stage-door*, L.

Davy. Oh, sir, such a beautiful creature coming up, sir.

Sir R. Beautiful, is she?—What's her name?

Davy. She would not tell, sir.

Sir R. Is she fair, or a brunette?

Davy. I did not see, sir.

Sir R. Is she young or old?

Davy. I don't know, sir.

Sir R. Then, how, in the name of Venus, Juno, and Minerva, can you call her a beauty?

Davy. Why, sir, they do say, fine birds have fine feathers, and if that be true, she mun be a downright beauty—here she be, sir—oh, the pretty chicken. [*Exit*, L.

Re-enter JENNY TRANSIT, *at the stage-door*, L., *disguised as Lady Dorothea Dashly.*

Sir R Madam, permit me to hand you a chair. May

I know to whom I have the honour of addressing myself?

Jen. You are, I presume, Mr. Q. X.

Sir R. The same.

Jen. As I have the pleasure to address the principal in this affair, I make no scruple in disclosing my name. My card, sir.

Sir R. [*Reading the card.*] "Lady Dorothea Dashly." Madam, you do me much honour. The weather is warm—will you allow me to disencumber you of this superfluous covering. [*Offering to take her veil.*

Jen. Sir, I should be most happy to be relieved, but the rules of decorum scarcely permit it. Our acquaintance is but young, Mr. Q. X., and, as yet, I am hardly mistress of your views.

Sir B. They are rather too limited at present, madam; [*Pointing to the veil.*] but, I trust, my entreaty and your indulgence may, ere long, extend the prospect, and make us better acquainted.

Jen. There are but few things necessary, sir—I am, as you perceive, an earl's daughter, and, like many others of that rank in society, it is all I have to boast of. I am young—how favoured, you are yet to learn. I have been well educated, and fancy I could be rather agreeable where my humour was studied, and very fond of him who would strive to please me.

Sir R. [*Aside.*] How modest, and yet how explicit! how elegant, and yet what humility!

> "Grace is in all her steps—heaven in her eye,
> In every action dignity and love."

Dear lady, you will easily imagine that I have not taken this step without the hope of success; but I assure you, however sanguine my expectations have been, they are realized—yea, surpassed by the suavity of your deportment, and the condescension of your demeanour. Suffer me to remove the veil.

Jen. No, pardon me: as yet all is fair enough, but should I reveal the only secret I have in my power——

Sir R. The conquest would be complete, and I should be yours for ever.

Jen. No, no, my dear Mr. Q. X., the flame that is easiest kindled soonest burns out—I have a little ballad on the subject: I see you have a harp here—are you a musical man?

Sir R. No performer, but an enthusiast in my admiration of the art; the instrument is my sister's.

Jen. Well, then, if you will not think me too bold, and will promise to be lenient in your criticism, I will endeavour to give you the trifle without further ceremony, in the best way I am able. [*Sits down to the harp.*

Sir R. You are all obliging. [*Aside.*] A Venus! what a hand and arm—how delicately they set off the brilliants that encircle them. I attend your ladyship.

SONG—JENNY TRANSIT.

Ye lovers, attend to my song—
Attend, ye whose sensitive hearts
By passion are hurried along,
Unheeding the pangs she imparts.
Arrest her sweet progress, I pray,
'Twill save ye much sorrow and tears;
For the love that is born of a day
Is too feeble to linger through years.

The flame that burns brightest soon dies—
The torrent will drain its resource,—
The gaudiest hue soonest flies,—
The whirlwind exhausts all its force.
Then, oh, let your bark idly stray,
Where the calm in love's ocean appears;
For the love that is born of a day
Is too feeble to linger through years.

Sir R. Bravo! bravo! my dear lady D.,—sure 'tis no mortal strain, but "soft music of the tuneful spheres"—my soul is wrapped in ecstasy and love—I am subdued.

Jen. Well, my good Mr. Q. X., we seem to have a better understanding of each other than might have been expected from so short an acquaintance. You appear satisfied, and I cannot be otherwise.

Sir R. Your ladyship is flattering. Grant me but the favour of one glance from those beaming eyes——

Jen. It must not be; ere I can make a final surrender. it is necessary to capitulate. Now, pray my dear conqueror, state your terms.

Sir R. Terms! there will be no term to our happiness, I trust.

Jen. That looks rather evasive; however, as you seem reluctant to mention yours, listen to mine: universal dominion, a handsome jointure, a splendid equipage, and the liberty of visiting, gallanting, scandalizing, gaming, and squandering, whatsoever, howsoever, whensoever, and wheresoever I please. These are the pri-

vileges due to my birth, and to the wife of Sir Roderick Strangeways; you see I know, my man; nay, no question or expostulation—I'll grant you a few minutes for consideration; allow me to retire into this chamber; when your mind is fixed, you may show your face; and then, if you accede to my wishes, I'll show mine. Adieu! [*Exit into No.* 3, R. D. S. E.

Sir R. Here's an end of my period of celibacy; to be sure, the terms are rather hard—gaming and gallanting—oh, no; by the beard of Mahomet, I can't allow those two articles; I must try to dissuade her from them. Oh, Lady Dorothea! dearest Dorothy! Dorothy!—Why, I vow it is nothing more nor less—egad! whenever I dine at home, I shall think myself at Dolly's Chophouse; it is a wretched taste, certainly; but, however, the odium is not hers; no, her sponsors must answer for that, along with the rest of their responsibility, and then Dorothea is not so much amiss. Lady Dorothea, if I can but expunge the obnoxious articles, our treaty is complete. [*Loud knocking*, L.

Jen. [*Without*, L.] I tell you, Skip Jack, I will go up.

Davy. [*Without*; L.] I tell you, ma'am, I must not admit you.

Re-enter DAVY *and* JENNY TRANSIT, *at the stage-door*, L., *disguised as Mrs. Deborah Griskin.*

Jen. Stand aside, you varlet; vhat, vould you come for to go to wex a voman of my respectability?—You're a wile willin.

Sir R. What does this mean, Davy?

Davy. Mean, sir! I doesn't know what it means: this lady declared she would come up, whether or no; and when I said it were an unpurlite act, she threatened to interduce her claws if I didn't stand aside.

Jen. Odd rabbit it, sir; send that hare imperent warlet out o' the room; I vishes to say a vord or two to you.

Sir R. Davy, leave the room.

Davy. Ees, sir: ecod! she be at un again. [*Exit*, L. D.

Sir R. [*Handing a chair.*] Now, madam, at your service.

Jen. Vell, sir, you must know as how my name is Deborah Griskin; I am the relics of poor old Gregory Griskin, the pork butcher, in Vitechapel. Ize young, and strong, and hearty, the Lord be praised for it. I has no cumberances, neither chick nor child; and I comes for a hancer to that hare letter—the billy-dux vat

I sent you by the two-penny post, concarning love and matrimony, and all that hare

Sir R. Zounds and fury! here's a transition!—Why, madam, as to the answer, I have not quite made up my mind.

Jen. Oh, Muster Q. X., don't be partickler, cause vhy, I is nut; my poor dear Griskin, what's dead and gone, used to wow as how, that Deb, as he called me, vas von of the visest and most wirtuousest vomen about our neighbourhood.

Sir R. My good woman, you have certainly made some mistake; you do not at all correspond with the description contained in the advertisement.

Jen. Vhy, your advertisement vas for a vife, vasn't it? Vell, arn't I capable?—You vanted a voman of family; vell, my father had a wery large von, sixteen on us, boys and gals—vell, you talked summut about accomplishments—vell, I is reckoned to have a wery capital eddication, I vent twice through the spellin-book and vorked a sampleter at Mrs. Tickletail's establishment for young ladies, in Petticoat Lane; and then I had a quarter's dancing of Muster Hopkins, in the City; and for driving a bargain and filling the skin of a sassage, there's not my feller in Lunnun, though I says it vot shouldn't.

Sir R. Zounds, woman! I say you won't suit—must I be tormented in this manner?

Jen. Oh, bless you, I doesn't mind all that hare, I'ze mortal glad vot you shows your temper aforehand, I likes you the better; but I sees you are rather a colt, and to show you I be not come for to take you hin, look here—see, I've got property—yes, two hundred pound beside stock in trade; and if I finds you hanser my hexpectation, vhy, I'll make it all your hown the morning harter ve be spliced.

Sir R. Damn the devil and all his imps, I say, whether in petticoats or otherwise—here, Davy! Davy!

[*Crossing to* L.

Re-enter DAVY, L. D.

Davy. What, another customer for I, sir?

Sir R. Yes, Davy; in the name of patience and decency, dispose of her somehow or other. [*Crosses to* R.

Jen. [*Rising.*] Vhy, you von't leave me, vill you?

Sir R. Davy, take care of this lady till my return—good by, Mrs. Griskin—confusion! [*Exit, at the stage-door,* R.

Jen. Good by—my sarvice to you—[*Laughing.*] Ha ha, ha!

Davy. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Re-enter LUCINDA, *from No.* 7, C. D. F.

Luc. (R. C.) Excellent, my dear Jenny!—What, routed again?—You deserve to be a field-marshal.

Jen. (C.) No, merely of the artillery company; this is one of my great guns; my last attempt was in the capacity of a sapper and miner, but I must away,—be firm, heart, and a few more sallies will complete the victory. [*Exit into No.* 4, L. D. S. E.

Luc. Well, Davy, if our plot succeeds, you shall not go unrewarded.

Davy. (L. C.) Oh, Lord, Miss Lucinda, don't mention it. I is a champing, as master says, and fights without fee or reward.

Luc. Thou art a valiant body containing a generous soul, and we will not forget thee.

[*Exit Lucinda into No.* 7, C. D. F.

Davy. So, they are gone, and now for master. [*Crossing to* R.] Hullo, sir! I've put the little fat un into No. 4.

Re-enter SIR RODERICK STRANGEWAYS, *at the stage-door,* R.

Sir R. Into No. 4? why didn't you put her into the street?—Ods blood! she is only fit for the queen consort of Wat Tyler or Sir Jeffery Dunstan.

Davy. Why, do you know, sir, when I offered to show her down, she swore she'd show me up; then I ax'd her if she'd allow me to usher her into No. 4, and says she, "I am master of you and your betters:" then, says I, let me open the door, and she told me to shut my taty-trap. Oh, what a rum un she be. [*A double knock,* L.

Sir R. Some one else approaches—see who it is, Davy.

Davy. E'es, sir, I wool. [*Exit,* L. D.

Sir R. I get weary of this examination, it's as bad as old Falstaff and his recruits.

Re-enter DAVY, *at the stage-door,* L.

Sir R. Well, Davy, who have we now?

Davy. Why, a Frenchwoman, Madmousle Marrowspoon, I think she calls herself; she says she wants a genteel home, and talked something about a Moor, but

whether she meant a blackey-moor, I can't say. I'll call her up, shall I, sir?—Walk up, Miss Marrowspoon, walk up.

Enter JENNY TRANSIT, *at the stage-door*, L., *disguised as Mademoiselle Marosquieau, a French Figurante.*

Davy. This be Madmoiselle Marrowspoon.

Jen. Ah! vous avez tort—de la marosquieu—de la, voyez vous—de la à votre service.

Davy. [*Aside.*] Oh, very well, dealer in marrow-spoons at your service—there she goes again. [*Exit*, L. D.

Jen. Ah, Monsieur, je vous demande pardon—I am sorry to keep you on little demi-heure, but de coché m'a detenu by de break of his vheel. J'espere que vous n'êtes pas engagé, me hope de oder ladies, mes rivaux, no take away your heart from me—Antoinette, votre pauvre Antoinette.

Sir R. Oh, non, ma chere. [*Aside.*] She looks interesting; I wonder what sort of physiognomy she boasts.

Jen. Ah, monsieur, vous avez raison—you no see de visage—eh bien—dites moi—tell me if you have de love for me, and den me show you.

Sir R. Ah, my dear mademoiselle, look in my eyes and read the torments of my heart.

Jen. Eh bien, monsieur—allons donc—me make de conquete and me draw aside de curtain—eh bien, voilà!

[*She dances, takes off the veil, and exit into No.* 5, R. D. F.

Sir R. What grace! what elegance! what dignity!—what ease!—what expression!—and then the name—Antoinette!—here's a fixer!—a perfect grappling-hook, that sinks deep within my breast, and bids me own her lord of the rich territory. In her, the loves and graces combine. She is the paragon of womankind!—then what a delicious broken English—how sweetly simpering—oh, 'tis plain I'm overpowered—Cupid has often wounded me before, but till now the barb has never taken hold of my heart—I feel it rankling here—deep as though he had borrowed an ancient cross-bow to effect his purpose—heigho! who would have thought that a few turns and capers could have shaken out the recollections of Lady Dorothea—the charming Lady Dorothy. Dorothy! Antoinette!—"What is there in a name? pronounce them together, Dorothea sounds as well as Antoinette; conjure with them, Dorothy will raise a ghost as soon as Antoinette." Oh, no, no—the simile is bad,

they do not sound equally well, and as for the conjuration, egad! here's pretty good proof what spells and incantations proceed from the dear Frenchwoman.

[*A loud single knock.*

Re-enter DAVY, *at the stage-door*, L.

Davy. Here be another on 'em, sir.

Sir R. "Another, and another, and another!—I'll see no more."

Davy. Ay, but she says you must see her—she be come a great many miles, and it were a shame and a pity to disappoint such a pretty creature.

Sir R. Pretty, is she?—Are you sure?

Davy. E'es, sir, I ha' seed her; she had no curtain over her face—oh, such a delicate cowslip.

Sir R. Well, show her up.

Dav. E'es, I wool—walk up, my little cowslip.

Enter JENNY TRANSIT, *disguised as Bridget Buckthorn.*

Jen. (L. C.) His honour will see me, then. Oh, how happy I am. [*Exit Davy*, L. D.

Sir R. (C.) By heavens! she is beautiful!—See how the roses and lilies are struggling for the supremacy in her damask cheek!—See, now, the gushing cherry emulates her pouting lip—Flora and Pomona have lavished all their sweets upon this emblem of rural innocence—pray, my dear, what's your name?

Jen. Buckthorn, sir.

Sir R. How pastoral!—The ancient Ruth, the lovely Lavinia, the Shepherdess of the Alps, all must yield to this—but your Christian name, my dear?

Jen. Bridget, sir.

Sir R. Oh, the devil! there's a damper—Bridget, Bridget—I shall never get over that—oh, no, no—it operates like a pail of cold water on a fever patient—it cools and exhausts at the same time, So, my dear, what's your business?

Jen. I've no business, your honour.

Sir R. What brought you to town, my dear?

Jen. The fly-waggon, your honour.

Sir R. Exquisite simplicity!—"Nature, when unadorned, is adorned the most." Innocence and ingenuousness are the truest requisites for connubial felicity, and in these particulars she is all accomplished.

Jen. Yes, sir, that were what brother Ralph said

when he read your thingumbob in the paper. You are accomplished, Bridget, says he, and as feyther has such a family to keep, and so many on us unable to assist him, I thinks you had better go to Lunnun and try your fortin—and so I comed, your honour.

Sir R. The Arcadian age revived!

Jen. Be you the young gentleman who wants to make ma-ma-terimony alliance, I think brother Ralph calls it.

Sir R. Yes, sweetest primrose.

Jen. Oh, then, brother Ralph said I were to tell you all I can do. In the first place, I reads, writes, hems, sews, and spins—then I be a tolerable washer and ironer—I can make butter and cheese, and puddings, and pies; brew, bake, pickle, preserve——

Sir R. Heaven preserve me! what a pickle I am in!

Jen. Then, sir, in the second place, I can comb wool, knit stockings, patch old breeches and jerkins, say the church catechism, feed pigs, fatten poultry, milk cows, and make a rare syllabub.

Sir R. Oh, that I were sipping a syllabub of your manufacture!—And, my little Phillis, is this all you can do?

Jen. Yes, sir; but I am very willing to learn, and will try to make myself useful in every compacity.

Sir R. Delectable good nature!—I shall endeavour to put your abilities to the proof, my dear.

Jen. Thank ye, sir.

Sir R. One kiss, you little charmer, as an earnest

Jen. La, sir—well, sir, one, but no more at present, from your humble servant, Bridget Buckthorn.

Sir R. [*Kisses her.*] Nectar, by Jove—Jove! he's a poor paltry fellow, and never had such a Hebe as this.

Jen. I vow, sir, you buss one like a true gentleman.

Sir R. Step into this room, my charming little Buckthorn, and you shall find me both gentle and true.

Jen. But be sure that you be'nt going to do anything naughty, though; brother Ralph told I to mind what I were about.

Sir R. Oh, never—step in, my dear, and trust to my honour.

Jen. O, but brother said I must take care of my own honour, and not trouble myself about other people's.

Sir R. I will hold it sacred with my life. Good by!

Jen. [*Courtesying.*] Good by, sir.

[*Exit Jenny, into No.* 6, L. D. F.

Sir R. My heart is precisely in the situation of a country disturbed by civil war, where the opinion of that party predominates which is last victorious. On one side is he fortress of Lady Dorothea; on the other, the entrenched camp of the enchanting Antoinette; while here, precisely in the centre, the forces of victorious Bridget are bivouacked, and ready to renew the engagement. Ecod! I'm like an alderman at a city feast, where the profusion is great, and one knows not at which end to begin. City feast!—Fgad, a good thought! her ladyship will make an excellent standing pie, and the little country blossom may serve for a side-dish, a sort of a lunch, to take off the keen edge of one's appetite; but then, what's to become of the French fricassee? Oh, I'm bewildered in a chaos of excellence. Yonder I see Lucinda; come, sister, I am surfeited. Enter upon your judicial capacity, and set the question for ever at rest.

Enter LUCINDA, *from No.* 7, C. D. F.

Luc. (C.) What! wo'nt you examine a few more?

Sir R. (L. C.) Heaven forbid! the good fill me with anxiety, the evil with disgust. I have had enough, and to your arbitration I must submit at last. Know, then, that here I have a bonny lassie from the Highlands, interesting, but pedantic; here, a poetical old maid; here, an earl's elegant daughter; here, a shrewd butcher's widow; here, a graceful French Terpsichore; and here, an innocent sister of a country bumpkin.

Luc. Variety enough; you can't, surely, be at a loss?

Sir R. Ye-, but I am: the difficulty is, to make the election.

Luc. I can put you in a way to obtain them all.

Sir R. Why, Lucinda, my dear, what has become of your country modesty?

Luc. It's true; I can make you master of all the interest, poetry, elegance, shrewdness, grace, and innocence, which at present bewilder you,—nay, I vow it, and all united in the single person of——

Sir R. Of whom, Eloisa? Petrach's Laura? The Maid of Orleans? or the Beauty of Buttermere?

Luc. Of my dear Jenny Transit.

Sir R. Psha! the very name chills me,—it runs through my heart like a stab from her father's rusty old broadsword. [*A loud double knock*, L.

Jen. [*Without*, L.] Arrah, now, be aisy! I must see

the gentleman, so spare yourself the trouble of denying him.

Re-enter JENNY TRANSIT, *at the stage-door*, L., *disguised as Ensign Thaddeus O'Transit.*

Jen. So, Sir; I presume you are the illegant Mr. Q. X.? By my soul, you are well titled! for you're as cross as the one, and as awkward as the other. Nay, sir, don't splutter; I'm told you have my sister in close custody here, [*Shows a pistol.*] and I have brought this little writ of habeas corpus to set her at liberty.

Sir R. (c.) Sir, you are mistaken; there is not a person of your country in the house.

Jen. Zounds, sir! there is no necessity for that. My sister is an English, and I am an Irishman; no matter for that, she is my sister, and, by my soul, we should have been twins, if she hadn't made a slight mistake and popped into the world just nine months before me.

Sir R. Pray, sir, may I know whom I have the honour to receive in my apartments?

Jen. By my faith, sir, you have the honour to receive an honourable fellow, Ensign Thaddeus O'Transit, of the Kilkenny Flamers, son of Colonel Transit, and brother to a sweet little lass as ever brushed the dew from a shamrock, Jenny Transit, whom I have traced to this house, and whom I intend to set at liberty, by locking her up fast in these arms.

Sir R. Thaddeus O'Transit! Lucinda, my dear, what does this mean? O'Transit! it must be an imposture!

Jen. Impostor! If you utter that word again, by the left hand corner of St. Patrick's right eye, I'll impose upon you in a way that may prove far from agreeable. Sir, the wife of a military man cannot bring forth children when and wherever she likes. I was born while my father was on duty in Dublin, and I choose to add the O' to my name to preserve a family distinction. The boys of old Ireland deserve that honourable continuation at the beginning of their paternal names; for, abroad or at home, in love or in war, they are sure to make their opponents cry O, before they are done with them; and that will be your fate, honey, if you don't immediately restore my dear Jenny. Zounds, sir! you must be a perfect Turkish Bashaw, for your host informed me you had six or seven ladies with you; surely, you can spare one.

Sir R. I pledge you my honour she is not here.

Jen. Botheration, sir, I'm not a pawnbroker! and if I were, such a dirty article as you offer me is not worth making out a duplicate for. No, sir, I've nothing to do with the three balls,—two will be sufficient to give one of us a quietus; so, take this little gentleman, [*Presenting a pistol.*] and put away that little lady; go to your post at the other end of the room, and I'll do my best to make you as dead as a post for the rest of your life.

Luc. For heaven's sake, sir, put up your pistols!

Jen. Oh, you prefer to stay and see fair play? Well, my dear, don't be alarmed, I'll kill him as quietly and elegantly as a gentleman would wish to die.

Luc. [*Taking his arm.*] Nay, my dear Mr. Thaddy, I intreat you to hear a little reason.

Jen. A little reason? Well, my little reason, I'll hear whatever you have to say, though I think you are quite big enough for a prune; and since, my dear, you put yourself under my protection, I'll do my best to save you from this modern Blue Beard. Come along with me, honey; and for you, sir, allow me to say, since you have made free with my sister, I shall take your's into keeping; she'll make a very pretty hostage. Come along, my little reason, show me to your chamber. The girls often tell me I am as sweet as an almond, and, you know, almonds and raisins are best together; so, a fig for you, old Blue Beard!

[*Exeunt Lucinda and Jenny Transit into No.* 7, C. D. F., *and lock the door.*

Sir R. Here's a pretty business! to be insulted in my own apartments, to be bullied by a confounded Irish brazen-face, to have my sister forced away before my eyes—locked up in a chamber with a fellow, whose national characteristics are amorousness and impudence,—it's too bad! it's past endurance! and all this for the odious Jenny. I must take some steps to recover her. Here, Davy, sound an alarum!—Bring hither your kitchen poker, it will serve for a battering ram.

Davy. [*Without.*] E'es, sir.

Sir R. If ever it should be my lot to see this odious Jenny more, I will show her with what contempt my insulted pride can treat her. Why, Davy, I say, I glow with impatience—I pant—I fume—I rage—I burn!

Enter DAVY, *with a red-hot poker, and burns him.*

Dav. I expected you would, sir.

Sir R. Zounds and the devil! instantly break open yon door;—a vile seducer has conveyed my sister there, and refuses me admittance.

Davy. Ah, them sort o'folk don't want a third person; however, we'll soon bring their wicked deeds to light, and so, here goes. Come forth, thou vile seducerer!

[*Breaks open the door and discovers Jenny Transit in a morning dress, and Lucinda seated on a sofa.*

Sir R. What do I see!—Where is he?—Who is this?

Enter JENNY TRANSIT *and* LUCINDA, *from No.* 7, C. D. F.

Jen. No vile seducer, but your obedient servant.

Luc. Jenny Transit, at your service. Come, brother, I told you I could put you in a way to obtain all the qualifications you have admired to-day. And now, I trust, I have put their possessor in a way to obtain—you—— [*Crosses to* R.

Sir R. I am bewildered! enchanted! spell-bound!—It is she,—I see through it all. She has put on these disguises to prove to me how superior her talents and accomplishments are to what I have given her credit for.

Davy. Have you any further use for the poker, sir?

Sir R. Oh, no! never mention the poker again, Davy!

Davy. Well, she ha' won him fairly, that's sartin. Seven's the main, they say, and, ecod! to my thinking, she ha' acted her seven parts main well.

Sir R. The odds have been against me, and I've lost the game.

Jen. I am glad to find you submit; and now, if the gallant cavaliers will forbear to quiz us, and the fair ladies withhold their scandal, we may, perhaps, repeat our game, and show them the art of WINNING A HUSBAND.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

LUCINDA, R. SIR RODERICK. JENNY TRANSIT. DAVY. [L.

THE END.

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